

The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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Socialist Victory in Germany

One Hundred and Ten Seats in Parliament Won by Party of the Working Class

As was confidently expected, the Socialist party of Germany won sweeping victories all over Germany in the elections just held. Emperor William is now represented in the Reichstag by a Socialist at his country home at Potsdam. Dr. Carl Leibknecht, who recently served eighteen months in a military prison for denouncing Prussian and Russian tyranny, was elected on the Socialist ticket from Potsdam in spite of energetic, furious and frantic efforts by the imperialists to defeat him.

In the first election (see Rev. Paul Burgess' article from Germany in this issue) the Socialists won about ninety seats. In the second election they increased their membership in the Reichstag to one hundred and ten seats, possibly to 113. In the last Reichstag the Socialists only had fifty-three seats. Their present gain is more than one hundred per cent.

The total vote polled by the Socialists was about 4,250,000; and were it not for the shamefully unjust system of voting in Germany mentioned in Comrade Burgess' article, and for the equally unjust "gerrymandering" of districts, the Socialists would now have more than double their present number of seats. Political freedom is a jewel rare in Germany. If the Germans had such freedom of the ballot as Americans have, the Socialists would soon control and revolutionize the country.

It is a dangerous situation for the few to be holding down the many after the many have awakened to the realization of their rights and their numerical—that is, military, strength.

The German imperialist government is in sore straits and needs careful guidance.

The new parliament will be composed as follows:

Socialists	110
Centrists (Catholics)	97
Conservatives	71
National Liberals	47
Radicals	42
Poles and others	34

The famous "blue black bloc," the coalition in parliament of the Centrists and Conservatives, is broken. The government must find support from some other party also, or the Socialist coalition with the Liberals and Radicals will control the house. The meeting of the Reichstag and the parliamentary combinations to be effected will be watched by the whole world of thoughtful people with great interest, and by the Germans with breathless suspense.

As the Socialists increase in power in Germany the peace of Europe is far more secure—unless the kings decide to risk the foolhardy and inhuman attempt to suppress Socialism by force. Then the whole of Europe would be involved in a bloody war. Let education and the ballot rule, and both the peace of Europe and general Socialist victory there are speedily assured; but the end will be the same whatever the method.

The glorious victory in Germany is inspiring the Socialists of all countries to work harder and is driving consternation into the hearts of all conservatives the world over.

The world crisis rapidly approaches. Let each be doing all he can.

Socialist "Fusion" in Germany

By Paul Burgess, Marburg, a. L.

Marburg, a. L., Germany, Jan. 13, 1912.

Dear Fellow Christian Socialists:

Comrade Carr has forwarded to me a letter from Comrade Lichty of Spokane in which reference is made to the statement in my letter of Nov. 5, 1911, regarding the fusion of the German Socialists with other parties in order to force through specific measures. Comrade Lichty suggests that if German Socialists follow such methods American Socialists would like instances, giving reasons and results. He then very rightly says that such tactics would be considered "Party Treason" in America.

At Comrade Carr's suggestion I am, therefore, writing you concerning the election system of Germany. You can then decide for yourselves whether German Socialists are guilty of Party Treason.

It should first of all be understood that there are a great many political parties here in Germany. In the late Reichstag (Congress) there were representatives of nineteen different parties. Scarcely an election is held in which there are less than five contending candidates. Hence it is very easy for one candidate to get more votes than any one of his opponents and still be the choice of only a small fraction of the voters. To prevent this most of the German States provide that if in a regular election (Hauptwahl) none of the candidates has received a majority of all the votes cast a second election (Stichwahl) must be held at which only the two high-

est run. For instance, a given section of the country (our Congressional District) is to elect its representative to the Reichstag. The regular election is held and the candidates of the principal parties have received votes as follows: Zentrum (Catholic Party), 8,000; Socialist, 7,000; National Liberal, 6,000; Conservative, 5,000; People's Party, 3,000; Anti-Semites, 2,500. Now the Zentrum candidate can not be declared elected for only about one-quarter of the voters have voted for him. A second election must be held in which only the Zentrum candidate and the Socialist run. All the members of the Zentrum and Socialist Parties will, of course, support their own candidates in this second election. The other parties can refrain from voting or espouse the cause of one of the two candidates. They will nearly always do the latter. The Conservatives and Anti-Semites (having, of course, no candidate of their own in the second election) will vote for the Zentrum (making the so-called "blue-black alliance"). Usually the People's Party will vote for the Socialist. This leaves the election hanging in the hands of the National Liberals. If they think the Socialist is a dangerous revolutionist they will refrain from voting for him at least and the Zentrum will win with 15,500 to 10,000 votes.

If, however, the National Liberals and the Socialists can "get together" the 6,000 votes of the former will give the Socialist the victory in the second election and consequently the seat in the

Reichstag. This example shows how Fusion may be for the benefit of the Socialist Party. By the National Liberals give the Socialists 6,000 votes in one district they expect the Socialist Party to pay them back when a National Liberal gets into the second election somewhere else. And the Socialist Party, of course, does so, obtaining as many pledges for Socialistic measures as possible. This is the simplest form of Fusion as seen here in Germany.

There is another form, however, which goes even further in making alliances with other parties. This has the name Grossblock (Great Coalition). This is largely practiced in those States where the double election system is not found, though it is occasional in the States described above also. For example, in Bavaria there is only one election and the candidate who receives the most votes is declared elected, irrespective of whether he has a majority or not. This has enabled the Zentrum to remain in power and they have made themselves odious to all lovers of justice and right. But the other parties would not unite with the Socialists to overthrow them. The Socialists, therefore, going on the principle that something is better than nothing, have united with the National Liberals and the Bauernbund to form a Great Coalition on a given platform, in order to break the power of the Zentrum. Much the same situation in Elsas-Lorene is explained by the following clipping from the Berliner Tageblatt of October 24, year. The Great Coalition was agreed upon in Elsas-Lorene this evening upon the following platform:

1. The repeal of the town residence clause and a limitation of the state residence clause (by way of election reform P. B.).
2. Introduction of a progressive income and inheritance tax and repeal of indirect taxes on necessities.
3. Extension of industrial inspection, especially laws providing for the protection of men employed in buildings, mines and smelters.
4. Assurance of the right of all workers and employees, whether in the employ of private companies, of the State, or of the city, to organize.
5. Opposition to every effort to clericalize the State and its institutions, especially the public schools. (Point 5 subject to alteration.)

On this platform the Socialists withdrew their candidates in seventeen districts, in two of which they had polled a greater number of votes at the last election than the National Liberals. The Liberals and Democrats withdrew their candidates in eight districts. In two districts the Socialists declare they will not compromise. In all the rest they will support the Liberals. This fusion ticket elected a number of men, though the Zentrum still retains the majority in the Landtag (Legislature). Other cases show, however, that the Great Coalition has been able to fulfill its election pledges to a limited extent. American Socialists who have not seen the Catholic Church as a political sovereign can little appreciate the absolute necessity of breaking her power in politics before anything else can be accomplished. It is to this end that the Great Coalition is formed throughout Germany. An election system which gives a poor man one vote and a rich man twenty and a school system which allows the Roman Hierarchy, with all its deadly hatred of Socialism, to teach the youth that Democracy is both heresy and treason and pays them from the public funds for their trouble, these things must be done away with before Socialism has a fighting chance. The German Socialists know that with the present school system, and especially the present election system, their cause is hopeless. Rather than allow things to stand as they are or perhaps end in another French Revolution, our comrades here in Germany will at least make an honest attempt to work with other parties for a season, never forgetting their ultimate end and never denying a single tenet of their faith. Paul Burgess.

THE SOCIALIST'S APOLOGY

By Rev. Francis E. Tower D. D., Bristol, Conn.

The writer, having heard a lady declare her unwillingness to pass the night under the same roof with a Socialist because of his assumed desperate character, puts in his mouth the following defense as he imagines it might be made from the Socialist's standpoint.

Come listen all: Prepare to sigh
Or weep, or raise your protest high,
Or grind your teeth in rage and hate,
While I the dreadful truth relate—
I am a Socialist.

And first then, in a general way,
Permit me frankly here to say,
I hate all wrong, and fraud and lies,
And graft, and all that these comprise—
I am a Socialist.

You shudder? Well, I further say,
I hate extortion's crafty way,
The endless schemes by which the few
Grasp millions to the many due.

I hate the current rule of trade,
"Each for himself and ask no aid,
Snatch all you can, or more or less"—
The devil's creed of selfishness!

My creed for both the great and small,
Is, "All for each and each for all,"
The very Gospel Jesus taught,
By Him to earth from Heaven brought—
He was a Socialist.

How can the men who bear His name
The competition scheme proclaim,
And plunge us in a sordid fight,
Which is but hell's own chief delight?

My creed is that of Paul who said,
"Be others burdens on me laid;
For we who for the race are strong
Should pause to help the weak long;"
Paul was a Socialist.

With James, the widow's sore distress
And miseries of the fatherless
To heal, to me more Christ-like seems
Than devotees' ecstatic dreams;
James was a Socialist.

With John beloved, I am agreed
That he who sees his brother's need
But for his help provides no scheme
Hath not the love of God in him;
John was a Socialist.

Co-operation is the word
Which surely would such scheme afford;
A plan as plain as A. B. C.
This is the only plan for me;
I am a Socialist.

I cannot view the toiling throng,
Mute victims of the civic wrong,
Grope blindly, hopeless of relief,
And not be rent with speechless grief;
I am a Socialist.

Deep in earth's bosom God of old
Put stores of iron, and coal and gold:
Who dares these stores his own to call?
I deem God meant them for us all.

By myriad minds, through ages past,
Come arts by which our wealth is vast;
This benefit a few would share:
I claim that each is equal heir;
I am a Socialist.

If each man should his own possess
This is the Public's right no less,
Grant this and vast will be the range
Through which will pass the social change.

And when it passes vast will be
The uplift of humanity:
The squalid precincts of the poor
Shall vanish and be seen no more.

The slaughtered innocents shall live,
The mothers gaunt with toil shall thrive,
The light of knowledge shall increase;
The woes of ignorance shall cease.

Pride, greed and avarice shall depart,
Their seeds uprooted from the heart.
Nobler ambitions shall arise
With nobler guerdons for the prize.

Peace, harmony, good will on earth
Shall have at least a glorious birth:
And men swayed by fraternal love
To higher planes begin to move.

This is the dawn that greets my eyes,

And reddens now the eastern skies.
This is the epoch that draws near,
While blinded mortals quake and fear.

A change that will bring ill to none,
But blessings rich to every one;
And therefore, with a heart set free
To welcome this glad jubilee,
I am a Socialist.

Still will you choose the chaos here
Of greed and grab and hate and fear,
Of rich and poor, of pride and scorn,
And myriads unto misery born?
Not so the Socialist.

I as do you accept Christ's law;
But at one point apart we draw;
One day in seven of it you speak;
I preach it all days in the week—
I am a Socialist.

THE QUESTION OF POVERTY

A Sermon

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."—
Psalm 41:1.

Poverty is the great black blot that spreads itself over the face of civilization. Poverty causes at least two-thirds of all the vice, crime, ill-health, brutality and ignorance in human life, and, however we approach life, if we seriously desire human welfare, we must see that the thing to be done is to get rid of poverty. The laws of Moses were largely directed toward the abolishment of poverty; his great followers, the Prophets, had the same vision, as did the Hebrew religious poets; and Jesus gave His life to the poor. With such a background the Christian Church can hardly be true to itself unless it makes the abolition of poverty its main business rather than a spasmodic incident of its work.

I. What is poverty? It is a lack of the material necessities of life. And what are they? Let Prof. Marshall, a conventional political economist, speak. He says, "The physical necessities of the laborer and his family are a comfortable dwelling, sufficient clothing for warmth and respect, pure water, a sufficient allowance of wholesome food, some education, and some recreation for himself and family." This is what a well paid professor allows as the dessert of a man who labors, and is there anything unreasonable in it? Of course not—and yet ten million people in the United States, one in every eight or nine, does not have these things. Ten million people are living in poverty. Then there is another ten million living to the limit of their wage, owning no homes, insecure in their jobs. It only waits the little run of sickness or hard luck and they join the poverty-stricken ranks.

And the cause of this poverty is not personal, these people are willing to work, eager to work, in fact they do work. Six million men, four million women, one and a half million children, toil long hard days and oftentimes nights, either to keep just on the verge of poverty or to merely exist in it. Twenty millions of people living miserably, they know not why; gnawed to the heart by bodily want, working sore and hard but gaining nothing. And these people are our most useful people, they are the ones doing the hard, dirty, fundamental work of the race; and society rewards them by depending upon their instinct of self-preservation to keep them from suicide and willing to exist in misery.

Now these twenty millions are the toiling poor; in addition to them comes the great army of those who have drifted into the ranks of the untoiling poor, that is the public charges, paupers, tramps, criminals. We have four million public wards, nearly as many more unfortunate working people temporarily helped one way and another, and three million criminals and tramps. Thus we find that at least one-third of the people living in America confront poverty as a condition rather than a theory. And this figure is a conservative one, for some well informed students of the question put it as high as one-half.

And the startling thing is that the percentage is increasing. Sixty thousand families evicted from such miserable homes as they have in one year is the record in New York City; one person in every eight buried at public expense, and we call ours a Christian civ-

ilization. Away with such lies. The savage has more Christianity in his mode of living.

II. What is the cause of this poverty? Is it in the constitution of things; that is, is there not enough for more than two-thirds of the people? Is it thus a necessary evil? Or is it an arbitrary evil, a condition imposed upon us by a wrong social order?

Are the poor in their condition because of their own fault, or are they thus because of social organization? To ask the question is to answer it. No race was ever poor from its own fault; no one chooses poverty; people are poor because they can not help it. And the facts surely bear us out.

There are five and a half millions of families with a total of thirty millions of people who labor for an annual family income of less than \$500, and whose property possessions average less than \$150 per family. In the south \$250 a year is good pay; in our New England cotton mills 11 per cent of the males earn less than \$6 per week; in the middle states one-third of the working people earn less than \$300 per year. Here is the reason people are poor. We ask then, are these people at work at socially useless callings, or in unproductive ways, that society rewards them no better? By no means. They are doing vitally needful work, and as for the power of production, every toiler produces enough to keep three persons supplied with all the needful things of life.

The cause of this poverty is A FALSE LAW OF DISTRIBUTION. Under man's ingenuity and enterprise, and our great natural resources, the production side of economic affairs has taken care of itself, but the great problem confronts us as to how we shall bring to pass a decent and equitable distribution of what the world produces. No sane man can believe that present conditions are to continue, poverty can not long be tolerated, wages must grow better, hours of labor shorter, comforts of life become more abundant—but this will not come unless we buckle down to the serious business of the abolition of poverty. Jesus once said to His disciples, "The poor ye have always with you," but that He was speaking to them personally, and not to the church or the race, is quickly seen by His statement in the same breath, "but me you will not have always;" yet His message to the church was, "I am with you always," so we see that Jesus' reference was to the living twelve and not to His larger body of followers.

Jesus' whole spirit and life was to abolish poverty, and so long as His church does not follow Him and make that her chief business she has no right to His name.

III. The cure for poverty. The remedy for poverty lies in a sane and just regulation by society of the production and distribution of the good things of life. The ancient Hebrews enacted laws in behalf of the poor that answered well the conditions of their time. Jesus taught fraternal charity which was the best that the common people of His day could do; but beyond these laws both the Hebrew prophets and Jesus had a larger vision, a vision of justice, which Jesus saw and taught could be realized only in fraternal collectivism. What was a vision with Jesus, we today can make a scientific proposition, and the Socialists are the people who have done that very thing.

The Socialist philosophy is a scientific analysis of society; it sees that the cause of poverty is to be found in private ownership of the means of production and distribution of wealth, which condition of affairs promotes an avaricious and anti-social spirit in the owning class, and that owning class, dominating social thought and organization, continues this anti-social, anti-Christian social order. Only as the sleeping mass awakes and takes over to itself the heritage of the ages (which the capitalist class now owns) and shall own for ALL, and shall operate for ALL, only in this shall all men be secured in the good things of life and poverty be abolished. "Blessed is he that considers the poor," said the old Psalmist; to which we may safely add the word "intelligently," and make it "Blessed is he who intelligently considers the poor;" for he who does this will soon line up with us in the comradeship of the Socialist Movement, and advance to the abolition of all poverty.

The Short Story

THE AWAKENING

Written for the Christian Socialist by C. E. Barnes

John Allen was not an educated man. He had never had the opportunity to acquire an education and was not the kind of a man to long for things beyond his reach.

When only a boy he went to work in a factory in order to help his father to feed and clothe several younger children and he did not consider it a hardship to be thus deprived of the freedom to which his youth entitled him. John had been accustomed to hardships ever since he could remember, and, being of an unusually cheerful temperament, was glad of an opportunity to share the burdens of his loved ones.

He learned the different branches of work in the factory by degrees, and, having finished his apprenticeship, was given charge of a machine, which position he realized was as high as his lack of education would allow him to ascend. He was making good wages for that period, however, and was very well satisfied with his prospects.

As he became older, John developed an ambition—one which every natural human does sooner or later, to wed a wife with whom to share his joys and sorrows, and, through her help and encouragement, to pay for a home and accumulate a little money, say enough to start him in a small business of his own as he became older and unable to longer endure the hard work at the factory. And, his younger brothers having become old enough to pick up the burdens which he cast off, he selected a girl of whom he had been more or less enamoured ever since their few short years of childhood, a woman fitted by nature and training to become the helpmeet of an honest and energetic man, and they were married.

John bought a modest little cottage, paying down what little he had been able to save from his earnings and making arrangements with a certain loan company to pay the balance in monthly payments. John felt that he now had about all a man could expect this side of heaven. He loved his wife devotedly and she loved him as a good true woman should. He felt that there were no difficulties in store for him but what he could overcome. To be sure, he had seen his father struggling along for years living in a rented house, burdened with a load of debt, domineered by tyrannical bosses and eventually becoming austere and surly, with no hope for the future and nothing but curses for the cheerless past. But there is a little something in most of men which seems to tell them, though oftentimes untruly, that they will succeed where others failed—that there is a special divinity watching their particular lives to pull them through the sloughs of poverty and despair and that the sufferings of others are merely arranged for that they may more properly appreciate their own good fortune in being spared.

John did not allow his mind to be troubled about "conditions." His mother had been a God-fearing, saintly woman who left everything to the One above, and John had naturally learned to lay everything, both good and bad, at His door, thinking that the bad was merely a sort of chastisement which could not always last and the good, on the other hand, well—to be candid—he accepted the good and neglected to ponder as to why.

John went to work the next day after his marriage and at the noon hour distributed cigars to all his friends, including the boss, who had always been especially nice to him and exceedingly mean to almost every other workman in the factory.

"What's this for?" demanded the boss.

"I got married last night," John announced, proudly.

The boss looked him over with a smile that was almost a sneer.

"You're a damn fool," he said, offensively, and turned on his heel.

Next day he was standing near when a belt

on John's machine slipped off and, as John had some difficulty in replacing it, he rushed up, shouting angrily, "Well, well, do you think this is a play-house? Get busy! We can't stand still all day waiting for you."

John was dumbfounded. He had often heard the other hands, some of them older and more valuable men than he, receive similar beratings but never since he had learned to run his machine had the boss been so domineering to him.

However, as soon as his little flurry of resentment had died within him, he decided that the boss merely had a "grouch on" and would be all right next day. Not so, however, the boss' grouch with John dated from the day of John's marriage and continued for all time. One day John summoned courage to ask him the reason for this sudden change, thinking that perhaps his work was unsatisfactory.

"You want to work, don't you?" inquired the boss, glaring at him.

John smiled. "Not exactly, Mr. Daley, but I've got to. A fellow has to live when he's married, you know."

"That's what I thought," was the boss' gruff remark made half to himself as he strode away.

John looked after him in wonder and throughout the day could not free his mind from the sense of dejection which oppressed it. That night as he walked home with a fellow workman he could not refrain from unloading some of his bitter feelings. He told his friend of his conversation with the boss, and, as the friend merely shrugged his shoulders at the recital, asked him:

"What's the difference to him whether I am married or not? He has no marriageable daughters, and, even if he had, he would fire me in a minute if I dared to look at one of them."

The friend replied: "John, I've had plenty of time to study that proposition out. You've heard him jaw me every day for the last five years. You know as well as I do that I'm a man that does my work to the best of my ability, and, when I worked in a union factory back in C—, I was considered a pretty good man. But he's jawed me till I don't know any more whether I'm capable of running a machine or not—sometimes I think I'm not. And that's the reason he does it. He wants to make you feel that you couldn't hold a job anywhere else in the world."

"Then I remember, a long time ago, before you came to work here, we had a boss that was strictly a good fellow. We all did our work a little better than the best for that man and he praised us for it—made us feel like men. But we made a mistake—we organized and demanded more money. We thought we had the bull by the horns, but it didn't take the company long to show us. They 'canned' the boss and, when we struck, they shipped in 'scabs' from other mills to take our places and finally starved us out. We had to go back to work or see our families go cold and hungry. We all went back but they shipped this dub down here to keep the conceit knocked out of us so that we wouldn't repeat the performance, and I reckon he's a howling success at that. I wouldn't tell you, John, that I had a soul any more—I ain't real sure but what that belongs to the company."

"But what's that got to do with me being married? He didn't hand it to me like that before. Why should he now?"

"Why, you gink, he told you that himself. You told him a married man had to work and he said, 'I thought so.' What more do you want? He thinks he's got you by the heels and I reckon he has."

John pondered for some time on this phase of the question, and his friend seeing him so serious remarked: "I see there's a party in existence now that figures on changing things considerably for the laboring man and I suspect it will change them considerably for the rich too. They're holding meetings in Barner Hall once a week and I'm going up there the next time they have one to see what they've got to offer. Better come along."

John laughed aloud. "You mean the Socialists. Ha! Ha! That's a joke!"

"What's the fun? You'll admit there's need of a change. Isn't this supposed to be a free

country and is a man free that is bound hand and foot to a blood-sucking bunch of slave-drivers who will starve him if he quits? Didn't some statesman back there in the time of the revolution make the assertion that all men were born free and equal? Is that the truth under the present system? Didn't you say a while ago that the boss would fire you if you dared to look at his daughter? Sure you did, and why? Not because you are not as good a man as he is, and better; but because your father was a poor man and because you are a poor man who has to work to live. I don't call it equality, and, if Socialism, or any other 'ism, will make it possible for me to make a living without being a serf, say give me eight hours to sleep, eight hours to work and eight hours to play, and pay me enough that I can live without a continual fight with the wolf at the door, and free me from the tongue-lashing of an overbearing boss, then I am for that 'ism."

John felt the force of the argument but it made very little impression on him. He had not yet felt the grip of the system on his own throat and could not realize its power. His father had always voted an old party ticket straight and would have fought the man who even suggested that he scratch a single name. He had taken a partisan paper, when he could afford a paper at all, one of the kind which declared the entire country to be in a state of matchless prosperity when its own party was in power, and all John's scanty reading had been along these lines. He had naturally followed his father's footsteps and was almost as fanatical in his faith as his parent had been before him.

He bade his friend good night and continued homeward. Once there, he forgot his gloom and gave himself up to the complete enjoyment of his proprietorship. He went to work the next day in high spirits but the boss contrived to subdue them somewhat before the day was done. And thus matters went on getting more intolerable every day.

A year passed and soon the stork visited John's home, leaving a fine boy; but John felt intermingled with his sense of delight that this advent only bound him more firmly to his work and when, as Fate would have it, Mrs. Allen failed to recover as quickly as she should have done, the added expense made it almost impossible for John to make both ends meet.

It was then that he noticed that the cost of food was higher than it had ever been before while his wages remained the same. It was then that he awoke to the fact that there was something more than shortage of crops back of the ever upward movement of food supplies, but the party to which he was allied by birth made quite a demonstration against the trusts about that time and John was satisfied that they were doing all that could be done and voted the ticket straight at the next election.

During the winter that followed everything seemed to go wrong. John's expenses were greatly increased by doctor's bills, the price of food rose higher and higher, and it was only by dint of the most rigid economy that he succeeded in making his payments on the little home. Every day he saw his wife growing thinner and paler and more ragged as she continued to wear the same old clothing which she had considered worn out the year before. He denied himself the cigar which he had been wont to smoke every evening after the supper hour, and, one month when deluged with bills which he could not possibly meet, he seized upon an opportunity of selling his watch, a relic of his bachelor days, to a friend, who had the money, for about one-third its real value. But strive as he would, the balance remained on the debit side and steadily increased. The boss' domineering manner grew more offensive as John's good nature gave way under the constant strain and at times it seemed that there was nothing in life worth living for.

Were his few simple ambitions to be thus blighted by a cruel combination of circumstances? He called them circumstances for he had not paused to investigate as to the real cause of his plight; in fact, when his friend of Socialistic inclinations pointed out the facts he was so blinded by his inborn partisanship that he would not believe.

"John," said the friend, "you're hard up. I know it because you're not the same John I used to know and there's nothing else in your life to cause the change."

"I am hard up," admitted John, "but I guess I am not the only man in town that's in that shape. The other fellows have to live just the same as I do and I'm surely not supporting all the doctors in T—without a little help from some other poor devil. Everything is so high, Jim."

"Why is it so high?"

"Because the crops are short and times are hard, I suppose."

"Who --vs there is a shortage of crops?"

"Why, I read about it in the papers nearly every time I pick one up."

"Sure you do, but who controls the papers you read? In a direct or an indirect way the trusts control every party paper in the land. When they don't own them financially they own them politically, which is equal to the same thing. Now I've got an uncle in one state who writes me that the crops are good in his section of the country. I've got a cousin in another state who writes me that crops are good in his section. And I'll warrant you that at least one-half of them would report the same thing, which would make nearly an average crop for the entire country—"

Here John interrupted: "You needn't talk your Socialistic ideas to me, Jim. It's a waste of breath."

* * *

Shortly after this conversation occurred a new manufacturing concern opened up in competition with the factory in which John worked. They were known as an independent concern and offered union wages and union hours to union men. John joined the union and applied for a job with them. He got it and resigned his place with the old concern, heaving a sigh of relief as he passed out, he fondly hoped, for the last time.

For a few months everything went smoothly now. John was making better wages, his wife regained her former good health, the baby thrived and the doctor's bills were paid. John regained his good nature and was perfectly happy. He owed no one and could look the whole world in the face.

But this was too good to last. One day a new man came to work. He was a sinister looking fellow who had nothing to say to anyone, a man whom every one disliked and who apparently returned their antipathy. The foreman—he was too agreeable to be called a boss—did not admire him any more than did the men but business was good and they were needing hands so he had hired him against his own better judgment.

For three days this man worked perfectly, in fact, he showed himself to be as skillful a workman as any in the factory. But on the third day, while doing his work, in some awkward manner, he contrived to thrust a long board which he was compelled to handle into the machinery in such a way as to effect several thousand dollars damage, for the entire plant was forced to close down for a week while the break was being repaired. This not only caused the men to suffer from a week's enforced idleness but also placed the concern in arrears with their deliveries, which, as John afterwards learned, caused several cancellations of large orders and placed the company in a bad light with their customers.

John was fortunate, however, in getting a temporary job as night watchman at the plant while they were shut down and it was in that capacity that he saved the company still further damage.

One night as he was patrolling the yard which surrounded the factory building he thought he heard some one skulking over some loose boards near by. He listened attentively and presently heard another faint sound as of some one scratching a silent match on their trouser leg. There was a pile of boards to the rear of him and between him and the building and the sounds seemed to emanate from behind this. John closed the slide on his dark lantern and hastened in that direction as rapidly and as silently as possible, but just as he reached the pile of lumber a bright blaze flared up from the other side and a man darted around the end, running madly. He saw John

and swung at him with a billy which he carried, but John dodged the blow and they grappled. There was a sharp tussle which lasted but a moment for the other man was a strong man and, John seeing that the fire would soon spread beyond his control unless extinguished at once, allowed his prisoner to escape and gave his attention to the blaze.

Having extinguished this, he hurried around the building and arrived at the other side only to discover a still larger conflagration there. Fearing that he could not subside this one single handed, he rushed to a fire alarm and turned in a call, then hurrying back to the scene brought a large hose into play and kept the fire from spreading until the department arrived.

In his excitement he had failed to make a close scrutiny of his assailant, but, upon second thought, he was now positive that the man with whom he had grappled was the man whom he had known as Boss while working for the old concern. This man had not spoken and, the light being behind him, John had not seen his face but the burly form, he was convinced, belonged to none other than William Daley, foreman of the old plant.

He did not stop to analyze Mr. Daley's probable reasons for his incendiary attempt, but, realizing the desperate necessity of maintaining a careful guard, called the manager by phone and told him of the whole occurrence, requesting that he send him more men upon whom he could rely to assist him in patrolling the building for the remainder of the night. In a short time half a dozen men had joined him, all members of the regular force, glad to do anything to defray expenses while the factory was closed.

Then came the police and detectives. John assigned his watchmen to their beats and then made his statement to the officers. He said nothing of his suspicions in regard to the identity of the offender, for he felt that to accuse even a man of that stripe of a crime of which he was innocent would be the height of injustice.

However, to the manager, who appeared on the scene soon after the police had departed, he confided his suspicions though admitting the possibility of a mistake.

The manager said: "Well, Allen, you may be right. Those people are pretty dirty and they are trying mighty hard to put us out of business. But, of course, we will have to have positive evidence before we can bring a charge against this man Daley."

"I certainly appreciate your work tonight, John, and I'll see that you are properly rewarded for it. How would you like to be the foreman's assistant? He has been complaining to me that he needed one and mentioned you for the job even before this occurred."

"Nothing could suit me any better," John replied, delighted beyond measure at this unexpected advancement.

"Well, I'll see that the position is created for you, John, and I'm sure we can fix the salary satisfactorily. But in the meantime don't let up for a minute on the watch you are keeping. This company for whom Daley works, I suppose you realize, is what we are up against. Even if we could put Daley behind the bars they would have little trouble in finding another man to do their dirty work for them. They offered to buy us out at about half what the plant cost us the other day. We laughed at them and now they are trying to put us out of commission through their high-priced crooks and fire-bugs. There is little doubt in my mind but what the man who broke us down was in the employ of that company at the time."

The manager had become somewhat excited as he talked, but he now recovered himself and added in lower tones, "Now, Allen, I'm telling you this merely to show you what you will have to guard against. You did well tonight and I want you to continue to do so."

John's eyes had been opened to a certain degree. He had never before connected the company with Daley's attempt at arson, but now he saw that there was no other plausible explanation and this fact gave birth to a germ of thought within his brain that finally accomplished a great change in his ideas. If this company, a branch of the trust, in their desire for monopoly, would resort to these criminal

methods to destroy legitimate competition, what chance had a few hundred humble workmen to escape their clutches or attain independence against their will. He was beginning to feel the strength of their autocratic power.

After numerous difficulties with inexplicable delays in the shipment of the machinery which they needed, the new plant finally accomplished the necessary repairs and again resumed business with John in charge of the new job.

One of the duties of this new position was to apprise the management of any shortage of supplies or raw material, and, shortly after they had resumed business, John discovered that they were getting low on a certain article which was an absolute necessity in the manufacture of their product. He went to the manager and told him about it.

"I ordered that two months ago," said the manager, "it should have been here before now."

And he followed John out to the storage room where he stood for several minutes looking thoughtfully at the decreasing pile of material, then he returned to the office, saying: "I will write them another letter."

About a week later John had occasion to go to the office and had not yet completed his errand when the foreman came in looking worried.

"Mr. Smythe," he said to the manager, "if that stuff don't show up in three days we will have to close down till it gets here."

Mr. Smythe turned to one of his partners in business and said:

"Davidson, those people are double-crossing us on that deal. Let's place an order with Blank & Co."

Davidson smiled. "Smythe," he said, "do you know where the market stands today? It was up fifteen points yesterday and today it is up twenty-five more."

"What!" exclaimed Smythe. "Why it's unreasonable. Anybody knows that stuff has got to decline at this time of year."

"It ought to," agreed Davidson, "but it don't. It looks as though the trust had us cornered."

"Why not buy a factory and make the stuff for ourselves?" suggested Smythe in desperation.

"Who would furnish the extra million?" Davidson inquired.

"I know a little factory down south of here, Davidson, that offered to sell out dirt cheap to anybody except the trust. We could just about use their entire production here."

"You mean the Jennings plant, I guess. But you're too slow. The trust got that several weeks ago at their own figures. You'll have to guess again."

"Well, by George, something's got to be done," Smythe turned to his stenographer and dictated a rather fiery letter to the company that was holding their order.

John left the office thinking deeply. He did not understand the situation exactly, but he knew in a dim way that this was part of a huge scheme on the part of the big interests to destroy their smaller competitors and the foreman later explained the matter to him clearly.

This factory, according to the prevailing custom, had their product sold or contracted for months ahead at a certain price. In order to fulfill these contracts it was necessary to buy the raw material against them in sufficient quantities to protect themselves in case of an advancing market. In this case, while the buyer had done his part, the concern from whom he had bought, though independent at the time of the purchase, had later been absorbed by the trust, and while they were compelled to fill the order at the original price, they had the power to cause a very annoying and costly delay.

The week passed and the material failed to appear. The factory closed down awaiting its arrival and the men were again laid off. This time John was not so fortunate. He was forced to remain in idleness for about two weeks before the shipment finally arrived and this threw him in debt again.

He visited the office every morning in hope
(Continued on Page 5)

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST

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NO BILLS FOLLOW THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. If you get it REGULARLY, someone has paid for it. When your subscription expires we will notify you and STOP THE PAPER if you do not renew. If you receive a sample copy it is an invitation to subscribe at once.

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EDITOR

Rev. Edward Ellis Carr

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

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Rev. Wm. A. Prosser	Pittsburg
Rev. Elliot White	New York City
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TILL 1912

All 50c subscriptions hereafter received until June 1 will expire Jan. 1, 1913. The sooner you get them in, the longer they will run! Hustle is the word.

OUR FEBRUARY LETTER

Be sure to read carefully our February letter, mailed to you, with the Special Bargains and Book Lists. Do your best, Comrade. Gladden our hearts and help the paper in the fight with a liberal order now.

Spilling the "Ginger Jar" into the editorial column of the Daily Socialist has made it more snappy, which is a happy change.

The new editor of the Daily Socialist, Putnam, is put-n 'em over fast and hot. More strength to his arm. But, say, that out curve against religion is pretty wild. Lucky he doesn't use it often. It would give the enemy too many bases on bawls.

The campaign of 1912 will not run itself. If you will do your part, others will imitate your example.

Where's the man with that \$1,500 to send the Prosser Special to all the preachers of America? Or where's the 100 men with \$15 each?

The most vital question of the Socialist movement is, Have I done my part? Hats off to the German Comrades. Hard work did it.

This is the year for the mine workers to win large concessions—if they strike early. After the election the bayonets will be too much in evidence.

Read Haywood's speeches in full before you tear your hair too much or seek to expel him. We await light.

One-tenth of 1912 is gone already. What are you doing for Socialism?

Shall the Christian Socialist remain a weekly? Your work for 1912 in its behalf will tell the story.

Comrade Smiley says "Do not overwork." Happy thought; but how then are we to get this paper out, when we have not money enough to hire needed help?

ONLY A SLOGAN

By Clyde J. Wright

Our interest in intelligent preparations for political work is not equal to our enthusiasm over the increasing Socialist vote. Socialists are facing political responsibility ignorant of its details and they must be somehow made to understand the truth and seriousness of this matter.

A few Socialists in order to hold the fort, have gone without meat on their tables and without carpets on their floors to bear up the movement, while hundreds who should have helped were unmoved except to dream on.

We must have organization as a head, we must have money as power, or victory will be turned into defeat right in our hands. This is said to the thousands of you who do not lend your powers to the organized movement and who do not pay dues.

We should have been organized ahead of this winning vote.—We now must organize with the vote piling up over our heads. There is no time to dream.

"Workers of the World unite" is a slogan that never has had the meaning brought out of it. To believe in Socialism and vote for it, to talk the doctrine to your neighbors and solicit for our papers is absolutely necessary, but this is not uniting to hammer into a Co-operative Commonwealth.

There must be a searching everywhere for members for the organization who are reliable, who will pay dues, who will study politics, who will help conduct campaigns, and who will study city, state and national legislation.

BREAKING THE LINES

By Dr. Laura Hobson McQuay

That a majority of the voters are tired of the old parties can no longer be denied. The regularity of the stay-at-homes on election day can be accounted for in no other way. Economic conditions have proved a cruel task master, though the most of the workers are still ignorant of the lesson taught.

The old parties are disrupted and falling to pieces and it is possible that a skirmish will be made and a new party formed that will be even more vital. There is in both the Republican and Democratic ranks the manifestation of this tendency. The insurgent movement in the Republican party and the reform movement within the Democrat movement are evidences of this.

Therefore just at this time it should be easy for the Socialist party to push its propaganda—not merely for the purpose of influencing—but for the purpose of educating the voters. If we are to be a factor in the elections of 1912, we will have to bend all our energies and conduct the greatest campaign of education we have ever conducted. To work for the campaign of 1912 should be the slogan of every Socialist.

SUNDAY CONVENTIONS

Dear Comrades:—I notice that the Socialist National Convention is to meet in Oklahoma City in May. There is one thing that I do not like about it and that is that it convenes on Sunday. I want to put in a strong protest against beginning the work of a Political Convention on that day. Quite a number of Socialists are denouncing the church for not championing the cause of Socialism, and I admit that I think that the church should show its willingness to investigate the claims of the Socialists, and if they find them to be what the Socialists claim for them that the church should take up the claim; but if the Socialists are so anxious for the church to join them in this great battle for humanity, I certainly think that the Socialists should not insist on dedicating the day held sacred by the church. The Socialists might say that there is nothing in it. Very well, but for the sake of humanity and the good of society the Socialists could at least respect the church people that much. Socialism needs the church and the church certainly needs Socialism. If Socialism expects the assistance of the church they should respect their day of worship; and if the Socialists do not have any regard for the church along this line, I say let them forever keep their mouths shut about the church taking up Socialism. I would like to hear from other Socialists on this subject.

Yours for Christian Socialism,
Robt. H. Austin, Jacksboro, Texas.

A REAL JOY

Hillsboro, N. D., Jan. 6, 1912.

Rev. Edward Ellis Carr:

It is with sincere joy that I read in this week's paper that our dear Christian Socialist is restored to its official position as one of the representative organs in our grand humane Socialist party, and I believe I am only one among thousands!

Nothing vindicates a true prophet like fearlessness proclaimed in love! And you, my brother-comrade, have "fought a good fight" and won! May the God of all grace ever keep you "pure in heart" and "drawing to the line" in as well as outside the party. Shall do my best to increase the sub-list of our excellent papers.

(Rev.) L. J. Anderson.

The Socialist party can perpetually purify itself like a flowing stream by the living springs of party referendums bursting forth with constant expressions of the will of the rank and file. No other American party has that power.

Send twenty three-month subs. for the Christian Socialist for \$3.00 to a list of names of your own choosing, or forty for \$5.00. If you can not afford it yourself, get other comrades to help you.

THE SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 4)

that Mr. Smythe would find something for him to do, but that gentleman was so busy answering wrathful communications from customers who wanted their goods that he had little time for anything else. Once, however, he said to John: "Allen, I guess our men think we are a bum lot, don't they? It looks like we weren't capable of running the business but I've done all that I can. We have got plenty of business but the trust won't let us take care of it. Maybe we'll show them yet, however. These prices can't last always."

But those prices lasted too long. The material which the buyer had purchased at length arrived and was consumed. The factory had just about filled all contracts but the price of raw material had gone steadily higher while the trust maintained the same low price on the finished product. It was impossible to manufacture the goods at a profit, paying the high price for the material and placing their products on the market at the low price. But the owners of the concern were game and, figuring that they could just about break even on the deal, they purchased a small quantity of material at the market price and continued to do business at cost.

But the trust had yet another trump to play and they played it now. The price of the finished product dropped twenty-five points on the market while the raw material remained firm. These conditions lasted for about two months, and then—

One day John was in the office and overheard the following conversation between Davidson and Smythe:

Said Davidson: "The Brown company crashed yesterday."

"Crashed?" echoed Smythe.

"Well, the same thing. Sold out to the trust for a song. I understand Brown has been retained as manager and the place will be run under his name. There's a law against the trusts down there so you won't see anything about the change in the papers."

About a week later John was thrown out of employment. The factory had changed hands and his old boss, Wm. Daley, had been transferred to the new factory. The majority of the hands were glad enough to stay at reduced wages, but John was denied the opportunity to do even that. Wm. Daley crustily informed him that he was not needed and John went home—heart-sick with discouragement. He tried to get work at common labor but even at that he failed and for thirty days he was idle with debts accruing rapidly. He could not meet his obligations on his home and when one day a man whom he recognized as a tool of the trust came and offered him \$200.00 for his place, which was worth \$600.00, saying that the company wished to purchase it as a rental property, he accepted the offer and moved into a hovel.

After enduring countless rebuffs, however, he at length secured a place in the new factory and returned to the autocratic rule of Wm. Daley.

Some months later he saw his old home and several others adjoining moved away and the company started the erection of a large warehouse on the site. This was the last straw. Shortly after there was another election and the night after John met Jim Wilson, the Socialist.

"John, how did you vote?" inquired Jim.

"I voted the Socialist ticket, Jim, and I voted it straight. I wish every man in the world could see things as I see them now. I've seen the best men in the world, in my opinion, run out of business and robbed of everything they had and the law could not or would not do anything in their behalf. I have been driven from a comfortable home into a ram-shackle hut with my wife and child and am now forced to work under a man I despise or see my family starve. You bet you, Jim, I have studied Socialism and I see the wisdom of it thoroughly."

Jim quietly grasped John's hand as he replied:

"They are all falling in line, John. In a few more years you will see conditions change and change for the better, too."

The Live Ones

Edited By
MRS. ELLA CARR

Dear Comrades:—We are so proud of your record the last few weeks. You have done nobly and the fruits of your labors will be seen in the coming elections. But you know a good comrade never quits. He never misses an opportunity to do all he can to keep on spreading the good news of the gospel of Socialism. Do not let the cold weather keep you from your task but may it stir you to greater efforts as you know it is bringing suffering to millions who will have warmth and plenty as soon as our great Gospel is put into practice. Was there ever such golden opportunities as now? Make use of them. As you read what others are doing may you be inspired to do greater things still.

Comrade W. J. Ruble of Pa. sent \$10.00 for Subs and copies of the paper. And Comrade Hammerstrom also of Pa. sent \$5.50 for a list and cheers us with his report as follows: "Nearly all papers I subscribed for last year have showed good results." It pays to give your friends subs.

Comrade C. M. Goodhue, of Calif., is interested in the vote of the women and well he may be. He sent in subs for five married women and says "The women can vote in this state now and I think by reading the C. S. they will turn to Socialism." They will indeed, and more attention must be given to the women than ever. The women are in the majority in the churches and they can certainly be reached therefore much more quickly when they have Socialism presented from the Christian viewpoint. We have a number of good workers for our paper among the women and we want many, many more. They know how to put enthusiasm as well as good sound sense into whatever they undertake. Let us hear from more of them.

Comrade H. B. Kinmonth sent our editor a note of cheer. He writes, "I wish to thank you for the good we have had from the C. S. the past year and for the stand you, dear Comrade, have taken on all vital questions and acts that have arisen during 1911 and I say God bless and speed you and the Christian Socialist and always count me one." Thank you Comrade, we want the good will and best wishes coming this way of all our readers and their prayers, too. Think of the tremendous good that will result.

Songs of Socialism

Comrade O. J. Arness of North Dakota sent for Songs of Socialism for his local, to be used at the Lyceum Lectures to be held in Grand Forks. This is what ought to be done everywhere. It will double the propaganda value of such meetings.

Comrades Geo. R. MacDonald of Wash. and Frank Jordan of Ohio, each ordered a dozen copies and the Labor Pub. Co. of Texas sent for three dozen. Comrade Rev. J. W. Wells of Los Angeles, Calif., ordered \$8.00 worth recently for his Open Forum.

Our Campaign Song Book

Be sure to get your orders in at once for the Campaign Edition of Moyer's Songs of Socialism, just off the press. See elsewhere the description of it. Five cents each, 50 cents per dozen and \$3.00 per hundred. Sing the Gospel of Socialism! There is no excuse now. This edition is the book within reach of every one. Do not fail to get a number of copies before your next Socialist lecture. Sing! Sing! Sing!

The Prosser Special

We are glad to tell that the Prosser Special is taking splendidly. We have already printed the Second Edition, making 45,000 so far. As soon as these are about all gone we will print more. Orders are coming for bundles of ten, twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and also two thousand. Keep it up and by all means see that these papers get to the right people. We haven't had much money sent yet to send this issue to preachers. Do not forget this.

What They Say About It

"I am a new subscriber and consider this one number (Prosser Special) of your paper worth several times the price

of the paper for a whole year. I congratulate you the author (Prosser) and the world. Surely, truth crushed to earth will rise again and the heaven of truth is working now as never before."—G. W. Hudson, Missouri.

"I believe it is the best yet."—H. F. Lehman, Pa.

"It's a hummer."—W. H. Bingaman, Ind.

"It's fine."—Jacob Rufi, Kansas.

"It is certainly grand."—L. Z. Hemphill, S. Dak.

"The Prosser Special is worth its weight in gold."—Geo. E. Hunt, N. C.

"One of the best for propaganda work that I have seen yet. It is just splendid."—G. W. Beauchamp, Kansas. This comrade has been getting bundles of the Christian Socialist to distribute for years and has certainly sown much good seed.

"We intend to distribute them to every house in town." The West Brownsville Branch, Pa., sent in by T. O. Armstrong, who ordered five hundred copies.

The Preachers

"I enjoy greatly and profit immensely by your paper. The large sweep of vision, the clear statement of the case, the absolute reasonableness of the whole thing is its guarantee of final, perhaps speedy success."—Rev. B. E. Reed, Mo.

Well it surely pays to send the Christian Socialist to some preachers.

The people are looking for brave preachers to free them from their terrible slavery, and it is a great pity that so many preachers are today afraid to show their colors for they have counted the cost and are not willing to pay the price. We are indeed proud of every one who lets the world know where he stands.

Comrade James Myron, of California, sent \$6.80 for a nice list of subs. The most of them were preachers of his own city. He had called upon them and solicited them for their subscriptions. He writes, "Many had not seen it before and were glad to subscribe and most of the church people are hungry for the message of Socialism represented to them by and through the Christian Socialist. I wish I could order several hundred copies of it, but I cannot." Who will help this Comrade with the copies he needs in his splendid propaganda efforts? We expect you dear Comrades and workers to scatter the Christian Socialist everywhere during the 1912 campaign and we hope you are making your plans to do it.

Comrade Clarence B. Tigner, for his local at Cambridge, Ohio, sent nine subs for preachers with the promise of more. This local has discovered that it is a very wise and tactful piece of propaganda to reach the churches and church people and that they have to have the Christian Socialist for the purpose. What a pity thousands of locals haven't yet found this out. We are indeed thankful for the many who have.

"I want to assure you that the Christian Socialist is the most valuable Christian paper I ever came in contact with. I thank God for a man like you in the church and in the Socialist movement who stands for right and cleanness. God bless you."—G. H. Dohner, Pa.

SOCIALIST CAMPAIGN SONGS. A 20 page booklet of the most famous and revolutionary songs, both old and new, with music. Stirring, thrilling, delightful. Every Branch and Center should have a lot of these booklets for use in the campaign of 1912. Get them now and learn the songs. They are great and immensely effective. Five cents each; 50c per dozen; \$3.00 per hundred, all prepaid. Get a sample copy and then present this matter to your Branch for a big order.

RUSSIA'S MESSAGE. By English Walling. The heart cry of a great people in birth agony. The voice of the awakening world. 475 large pages. 50 pages of illustrations. The greatest contribution to recent Socialist literature; \$3.00.

FOR YOUNG CRUSADERS

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers,
901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

MY VALENTINE.

Who's my Valentine this year?
Let me whisper in your ear:
One who has the dearest eyes,
Makes delicious cakes and pies;
When I call sets forth in haste
Doughnuts just to suit my taste;
If I have a button gone,
Always stops and sews it on.
She is always trim and neat,
And her cookies crisp and sweet;
Wears the daintiest of caps;
Bakes the nicest ginger-snaps;
Has the smoothest, shiniest hair;
Often has a cent to spare.

Often when I see her sitting
With her sewing, or her knitting,
Then I come beside her knee,
And some tale she'll tell to me.
Makes me wish that I was good;
Seems as if she understood
Just how hard it is for boys
When they're told to make no noise!

Haven't you guessed this secret
fine?

Grandmama's my Valentine!
Elizabeth R. Burns,
In Children's Magazine.

COME, BE MY VALENTINE.

Who is going to send Aunt Kathryn a valentine this year? I hope that every one of you will—not a "comic," or a "boughten" one—no indeed! But a nice, interesting letter valentine, that we can publish in our column. I shall watch the mails as eagerly as if I were a young girl looking for a sweet missive from her dearest friend, and if I don't get a perfect "shower" of them, I'm afraid the corners of my mouth will begin to droop! And I am sure you will all want to love me from that!

ELSIE'S FUNNY VALENTINE.

"I wish I had a kitten!" little Elsie had said every day. Every day for as much as a year, she had said that thing!

"I wish I had a kitten!" she said to the minister, whenever he called.

"I wish I could have a kitten!" she said every time Doctor Grey came in.

And Elsie had said she wished she could have a kitten at the grocery, and at the notions store. And she had said it to all her mama's callers. And she had said so to her teacher; and all her playmates knew that Elsie Lane wished she had a kitten. And she had wished for a kitten two or three thousand times to her papa and her mama and her grandmother.

But Elsie's mama didn't like cats, and her grandmother said that for that reason Elsie ought not to tease for a kitten, and her papa always said, "Don't bother mama, Elsie!" "Well, said Elsie, one day," I won't. But I do wish I had a kitten. I would have it sleep up in my room, grandma, tonight."

"You had better talk about your valentines," said grandma. "Have you forgotten that tomorrow is Valentine's Day?"

The first morning mail, next day, brought Elsie two pretty valentines, all lace and flowers and verses. When she came home at noon, she found several more. And after school, all the evening, she

was kept busy answering the bell. Sometimes she found nothing, and sometimes she found a nice one with her name printed on it in a queer hand. Once when she stooped to pick up a valentine she found that it was only a square place marked on the porch with white chalk.

About eight o'clock there came a much louder ring than any before, and Elsie ran quickly. She wanted to catch whoever was there before they could get away. She opened the door and saw—well, what she saw was this—the dearest little bit of a kitten, dark-gray and white, wearing the prettiest silver collar, and it had pink and blue satin ribbons tied in bows on its little feet, and there was a big bow on its collar—all, you know, to make it look like a valentine. Upon the silver collar was engraved its name, "Sweetheart," and under the name, "I love you." The kitten looked up at Elsie and mewed, and then purred. Such an "Oh!" of delight fell from Elsie's lips. "Mama! papa! grandma! come here!"

But the funny thing is that Elsie never found out who sent the little valentine cat! Doctor Grey said he didn't, and the minister said he didn't, and the grocer said he didn't, and Elsie's papa and mama and grandmother and her schoolmates said they didn't, and so said every one whom she asked.

Elsie wonders about it still, although she is now a tall girl of fourteen, and "Sweetheart" a great, venerable, sleepy, rocking-chair cat.

May W. Clymer,
In Children's Magazine.

HOSPITAL DOGS

A queer thing occurred just now. Father was in the office, and heard a dog yelping outside the door; he paid no attention until a second and louder yelp was heard, when he opened it, and found a little brown dog standing on the step upon three legs. He brought him in, and on examining the fourth leg, found a pin sticking in it. He drew out the pin, and the dog ran away again. The office of my father, Dr. Atlee, is not directly on the street, but stands back, having in front of it some six feet of stone wall with a gate. I will add, that it has not been possible to discover anything more about this dog.

A man, named Cosgrove, the keeper of a low tavern near the railroad station, had his arm broken, and came many times to the office to have the dressings arranged. He was always accompanied by a large most ferocious-looking bull-dog, that watched me most attentively, and most unpleasantly to me, while bandaging his master's arm. A few weeks after Cosgrove's case was discharged, I heard a noise at the office door, as if some animal was pawing it, and on opening it, saw there this huge bull-dog, accompanied by another dog that held up one of its front legs, evidently broken. They entered the office. I cut several pieces of wood, and fastened them firmly to the leg with adhesive plaster, after straightening the limb. They left immediately. The dog that came with Cosgrove's dog I never saw before nor since.—Selected.

TRUTHS FOR BOYS

"Truths," or "Talks with a Boy Concerning Himself," is the most beautiful, delicate, helpful discussion of the sacredness of sex and the sex-perils of boys that our eyes have yet beheld. Every boy of ten years or older ought to have it. No mother or father should neglect to provide their boy with a copy. And it will be all the better if mother or father reads the book aloud.

Edith B. Lowry, M. D.,
Author of "Truths."

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International Sunday School Lessons

By Rev. Wm. A. Fresser, Pastor Ames M. E. Church, 4648
Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LESSON FOR FEB. 18

The Ministry of John the Baptist. Mark 1:1-8. Study the parallel passages Matt. 3:1-12, Luke 3:1-20.

Golden Text: Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Matt. 3:2.

* * *

John the Baptist

John the Baptizer was a child of promise and the prophesied forerunner of Jesus Christ. His parents were advanced in age when he was born. His father, Zacharias, was an active priest in Jerusalem and his mother, Elizabeth, was either a sister or other close relation of Mary, the mother of Jesus. John and Jesus were blood relatives. John was supposed to be six months older than Jesus.

True to the angelic announcement and parental dedication, John became a prophet and the immediate predecessor of Christ. Some time in childhood (but how long before his public ministry no one knows) he sought a life of solitude in the Judean wilderness, living the most simple life and spending his time in deep meditation. He dressed in the skins of beasts and lived on wild honey and locusts. He got his training in the schools of Hillel or Shamma, but in God's school of nature, with the starry heavens, the giant trees, the torrent streams, the scented flowers, the rugged hills, the howling wild animals and the whisperings of his own soul as his books. There he learned a language, saw a vision, attained a boldness and acquired a self-sacrificing spirit he could never have gotten at the feet of the Rabbis. He loved the wilderness, for God was there. Like Elijah, his prototype, he caught the free and fearless spirit of the wilds and could come forth in dauntless courage to the thieving, brutal and adulterous Ahabs and Jezebels of his day.

Speaking to the multitude about Him, Jesus said: "What went ye out into the wilderness to behold? * * * a prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. This is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, who shall prepare thy way before thee. Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." Matt. 11:7-11.

John's Audience

Luke tells us that "In the fifteenth year of his reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judea and Herod tetrarch of Galilee, came the word of God unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness." From that moment he began his itinerant tramps into all the region round about Jordan, delivering his scorching message to such hearers as would listen. It was not long till his fame spread abroad and multitudes of all classes went out to see and hear a man with a message suited to the hour, a man they recognized as a prophet.

The crowds were made up in the main of two classes, the rulers with their lackeys and the ruled with their sore hearts and perplexed minds. The oppressed multitudes John re-

ceived kindly and treated with compassion. These went out to John with honest purpose, embraced his teaching, espoused his cause and were baptized (initiated) and became disciples of his school. The ruling classes did not go out to him with honest purpose, but to spy. They saw a storm arising and they wanted to know its source and nature. They went out with preconceived notions on orthodox theology, with calloused hearts and bloody hands. They went not to repent nor to be baptized, and there is no account in the "Synoptic Gospels" that they did. John knew this class and foresaw that they came not for good but for evil. Hence when he saw the Scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees come to him he opened his gatling guns on them in this fashion: "Ye offspring of vipers, who warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth, therefore, fruit worthy of repentance; and think not to say with yourselves, We have Abraham to our father; for I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And even now is the ax laid unto the root of the tree; every tree therefore that bringeth forth not fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Matt. 3:7-10. This was not conciliatory language to this group nor was it intended to be. It was intended to expose their sham presence and hypocritical lives. It was bitter medicine, but it was given to the patients with a bad disease.

the lackeys came, the "mul-ters," the "tax collectors" and "soldiers," saying, "What then must we do?" To the first group he said, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath food, let him do likewise." This was dividing up with a vengeance. To the second he answered, "Extort no more than the assessment." And to the soldiers his significant reply was, "Don't be a bully, do violence to no man, neither accuse any one falsely; don't exploit the poor, but be content with your wage." This was religion with teeth in it, but there is no evidence that any of these groups ever let it get a hold on them.

John's Preaching

John was a clear, definite and convincing preacher. He was as definite in subject-matter as in point of direction. His sermons dealt with three important subjects: "Repentance," the "Kingdom of Heaven" and the "Messiah." These three fundamental thoughts constituted his "Gospel."

In point of priority and emphasis his first demand was "Repent Ye." Matthew says, "John came saying, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" Mark and Luke say that John came preaching "the baptism of repentance unto the remission of sins." John baptized but neither the fact nor the mode of his baptism are the points of emphasis. His baptism was only a public confession of a private repentance that had already taken place in the heart of the candidate. Hence, his point of emphasis was not Baptism, but Repentance.

The word repent (*metanoeo*) means "a change in frame of mind

and feeling"; "a change in principle and practice"; "a reversal of the past." John used the word in his preaching with its full meaning. He demanded a repentance that should show itself in fruit (a change in life) worthy of repentance. He demanded from every candidate for baptism, for initiation into his preparatory school for the Messiah, a characteristic of the genuineness of his repentance. And, judging from the gospel, the change he demanded was not so much personal as social. The sins he condemned were not such as we waste our energy on today (drinking, card playing, dancing, theatergoing, etc.) but the weightier things—tight-fistedness to the detriment of the poor, over-taxation, violence and false accusations for gain and exploitation. Read again his demands to the various groups that came to him recorded in Luke 3:7-14. These are social sins. They cannot be practiced without injuring society. It was these sins that John denounced and demanded that every one guilty of them should repent. A full compliance with John's demand would mean the overthrow of the social system then existing; it would mean a social revolution.

That John's demand for personal repentance of social sins had a social revolution in full view is evidenced by the second point in his sermons. "Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand" is his clarion call. Repentance and the kingdom are hitched together in the same thought and sentence. Change your mode of feeling and practice now for a new social order is coming soon, nay, is now at hand, in which your present mode of mind and life cannot stand. All unfit to enter when it comes must be shut out and destroyed. This is a cold psychological and social fact. New men need a social order and a new social order needs new men. They are interdependent, and progress along one line must be in due proportion to the other.

John's idea of the kingdom of heaven was a universal just social order in which the Messiah would be the King. He declared the time had arrived for the Messiah to come and when he would come he would, aided by Divine miraculous power, subdue all enemies, Jewish and Gentile, and establish a new social order on earth. The Messiah would come with a fan in his hand, thoroughly cleanse the threshing floor, gather the wheat into the garner, burn up the chaff, chop down at the root and destroy every tree that did not bear good fruit. The Messiah who will do this work is upon us, repent, therefore, and be ye ready for the new order of things. It was a bold message and it took an intrepid soul to preach it.

John mistaken? Not wholly. He was correct in substance, but mistaken only in method. The Messiah did come and came while John was yet preaching. The Messiah did come to establish a kingdom of heaven, a universal just social order from which all violence and exploitation should be excluded. But he did not use nor encourage the use of physical force and violence; nor did he resort to the use of Divine miraculous power to accomplish his mission. He knew that the use of force never made saints, but only hypocrites; never established a just social order, but only provoked bloody revolts that always accrued to the benefit of the ruling class. He relied, not upon force

nor cataclysmic changes, however produced, but upon the slow process of evolution: education, conversion and organization. He saw that the law of nature is the law of social growth, first the seed, then the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear and finally the harvest. Jesus stood for revolution through evolution. John and Jesus agreed in every essential point touching the kingdom, except the method of establishing it among men.

The mission and supremacy of Christ was the third point in his preaching.

His one mistake aside, what a splendid example for the modern pulpiteer John is! He stands as a perpetual challenge to the modern preacher. His self-sacrifice, singleness of purpose, obedience to the voice of God, disavowal of any personal greatness or merit, fearlessness in the presence of an adulterous king, corrupt noblemen and a prostituted priesthood, positive conviction, plain language, direct address and soul-piercing eloquence; in short, all he was in life, character and message makes him an open rebuke to every time-server, profit-monger and position-seeker in the pulpit and on the platform today, and an inspiration and power to every honest exponent of the truth. It is little wonder he lacked not long for an audience; that all classes went out to the wilderness to hear his flaming message, and that he was held in reverence by the people and in dread by officialdom. Men of John's caliber and message never have to beg long for hearers. The people want the truth, the untarnished truth, and will go to halls, churches, street corners or wildernesses where it is preached. They went to hear John; they went after Jesus and they will come to hear us, if we, like John and Jesus, will feed their famishing souls with the "Bread of Life."

If the modern church would crowd its pews with eager throngs let it quit playing to the gallery, offering "Punch and Judy" performances and peddling clap-trap sentimentalism—offering a stone for bread and a serpent for a fish, and Preach the Truth with the thunders of Sinai and the tenderness of Calvary. It is the Truth spoken and applied to the needs of the hour by a prophet touched with living coals of fire that draws men, saves them and makes them free; that transforms the barren wilderness into bee-hive of human activity.

John's End

Let no one imagine it is an easy or cheap thing to follow the example of John. For his boldness in denouncing sin and sinners in high places, the places where they usually live; for calling the ruling class "vipers, exploiters, adulterers," etc., he was imprisoned, maltreated and killed. Let the official church and the men occupying leading pulpits come out and denounce social sin and social sinners, as they know them, and they, too, will lose, if not their heads, then their exalted thrones and fat salaries. But, even so, it would pay them and the world they seek to save. In losing their jobs they would save themselves and in losing the rich and mighty they would save the lost. May the spirit of John the Baptist fall upon the American pulpit today!

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